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COME UP HITHER.

A POEM.



BY LUZERNE RAE.

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1883,

BY THOMAS WHITESIDE RAE,

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“ After this I looked, and, behold a door was opened in heaven: and the first voice which I heard was as it were of a trumpet talking with me; which said, **COME UP HITHER**, and I will shew thee things which must be hereafter.”

—Rev. iv. 1.

“COME + UP + HITHER.”

I shine in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow,
Through the valley of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.
No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.
I have found the joy of Heaven,
I am one of the angel band,
To my head a crown is given,
And a harp is in my hand.
I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath made free,
And the glorious walls on high, still ring
With my new-born melody.
No sin—no grief—no pain—
Safe in my happy home;
My fears all fled—my doubts all slain—
My hour of triumph come.

O friend of my mortal years!
The trusted and the tried,
Thou art walking still in the valley of tears,
But I am at thy side.

Do I forget? Oh no!
For Memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the heart below,
Till they meet and touch again:
Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
To the world from which I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the noise of war
And the rage of conflict die?
Then why should your tears roll down,
And your heart be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in Heaven.

Hartford, Conn., 1844.

LUZERNE RAE.

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